

A Lot of People Have Assholes For Parents

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Summary:

Richie's father is abusive and awful, but Richie can take it. It's his attention turning towards Eddie that Richie can't handle.

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Author's Note:

this is so painful and angsty, i don't even know why
this was in my head but it was and i am sorry

"I'm sorry I can't walk you home." Richie apologized, but it was more of a whine, he was man enough to admit. He hated not being able to walk Eddie home. He loved walking his boyfriend home. It was romantic and gentlemanly and Richie also just genuinely wanted to spend every moment with Eddie that he could until Sonia Kaspbrak made him stop.

"Don't be sorry, Rich, you sprained your ankle," Eddie assured him, tugging gently on Richie's collar to pull him closer, "I don't even like that you walked me to the door, you should still be in bed!" Eddie chastised. He had come over to keep Richie company, because he'd been bed-ridden for less than twenty-four hours and he was already going out of his *fucking* mind.

Mostly because he actually hated his house. Like actually, one hundred percent hated his fucking house, mostly because his dad was an all-time piece of shit who, if he wasn't blackout drunk, was yelling at Richie or insulting Richie or, until Richie got big enough to fight back, using him as a punching bag. Plus, ever since Richie's mom had fucked off with her boss to the West Coast, his dad picked up the habit of sleeping with anything that looked at him twice. So Richie also had to deal with random men and women and boys and girls leaving at all hours of the day.

It really wasn't what Richie would call *a home*.

If he had to call anywhere a home, it would be right where he was, in the arms of Eddie Kaspbrak.

"You're too good to me, Eds," Richie whispered and the pain meds were making his head a little loopy so he rested his cheek on his boyfriend's soft curls and closed his eyes, "What'd I do to deserve you?"

"That's a good question because let me tell you, it *definitely* wasn't the mom jokes." Eddie teased as he gripped Richie's hips tightly and kissed his neck once, "I'll see you tomorrow, yeah? I'll bring some other losers with me."

Richie nodded and he was so busy staring at Eddie's pretty face that he didn't notice he was backing up right into *Satan himself*. Richie felt the cloud of drugs and love and happiness in his mind clear fast at the sight of Eddie's whole body bumping right into his father.

Eddie yelped and turned around quickly, moving back into Richie's arms again.

"Sorry, Mr. Tozier." Eddie squeaked.

"No worries, kid," Went Tozier's voice was hoarse, he was obviously still hung-the-fuck-over, "Guess you didn't see me coming." He said with a chuckle, moving past the two of them with a sick grin on his face.

"Better get back soon, Eds. Your mom's probably wondering where you are." Richie said to Eddie, desperate to get him the fuck out of there. He heard his father let out a rude laugh behind him and Richie's whole body tensed.

"Your mom still got a stick up her ass, *Eds*? She was always the worst." Went asked and *why wasn't he going in the fucking house?* Richie felt his fists curl into a ball as Eddie looked over Richie's shoulder with wide eyes.

"Umm, yeah, I should get going," Eddie muttered and Richie hated seeing him like this but he didn't fucking blame him. Went Tozier brought out the worst in people and the worst in Eddie was fear, "I'll see you tomorrow, babe." Eddie said sweetly, squeezing his hand and kissing his cheek quickly before hurrying away.

Richie stood and watched Eddie leave for a long time, smiling as much as he could when the boy turned around to wave goodbye to him like three times as we walked down the street. When Richie found the strength to turn around and go back into the worst-house-in-the-world, his stomach dropped.

Because his father was still standing there. And staring after Eddie.

“You finally did something right, huh kid?” he said. Richie felt like his skin was coated in ice.

“Excuse me?” Richie managed to choke out. Went just laughed and gestured to where Eddie had been walking.

“He’s got a sweet ass. And those *lips, fuck*. Bet it’s a pretty sight when he’s on his knees for you.” Went said, throwing a wink at Richie before casually walking inside like he didn’t just violate every rule in the father-son handbook.

Richie felt like he was about to fall off the fucking steps of his front porch because his father had said a lot of shitty things in his life, but *this was the worst*. Because Richie couldn’t just let him say that shit! If it had been *anyone else* Richie would’ve punched them in the fucking throat and probably beat them with a baseball bat.

But it was had to be his *fucking father*, the one person that made Richie’s hands shake and his legs freeze. Richie hated him so much it made his teeth ache, but he still had this insane, irrational *power* over him.

Richie couldn’t even make himself follow the man into the house, instead collapsing on the steps and pulling out a cigarette. He needed to get the fuck out of that house.

###

It had been a few weeks since *the incident* and Richie had managed to avoid his father as best as he could. More often than not, he was sleeping either at Bev’s apartment or Stan’s house or sneaking into Eddie’s room after his mom had gone to sleep. He only went back to that house to get clothes or when he just really needed to lock himself into a room and be alone.

Which was happening more often.

Because honestly, he was starting to think he just brought bad shit with him wherever he went. No matter what, something about him was going to ruin things, whether it be his destructive personality, his

ADHD, his addictive tendencies, or also his alcoholic fucking father apparently.

He wanted to keep Eddie close, more than anything he wanted to be with Eddie and with Stan and Ben and Mike and *everyone*, but... what if he was fucking cursed or something.

“Hey, earth to Richie?” Eddie tugged on his arm, trying to shake him out of his thoughts. Everyone was staring at him. They were all laying out at the quarry after school, pretending like the cold weather was over when it was still March.

“Sorry, what did I miss?”

“We all wanna go to the Aladdin after this, you down?” Ben asked from where he was sitting, Beverly’s head pillowed on his lap. Richie smiled at the sight and nodded.

“Yeah of course. They’re re-running the Scream movies tonight, right?” Richie asked, throwing an arm around Eddie and tugging him closer. The boy smiled and snuggled in close, surprisingly affection.

Although, Richie shouldn’t have been surprised. He tuned out the rest of his friends’ conversations again as he looked down at Eds because *fuck* he knew he’d been a shitty boyfriend lately. It was just... every time he thought about what his dad had said, he felt like literal trash because 1) he hadn’t said anything and 2) it was his fault Eddie was anywhere even near his piece of shit father anyway.

So his instinct had been to pull back, but... that was fucking stupid. It was bad for both of them, especially since Eddie had no idea what was going on. Richie wasn’t being fair, or mature.

But... maturity? That really wasn’t Richie’s style, so no surprise there.

“Hey Eds,” Richie whispered, nudging his nose against his boyfriend’s temple. He looked up at him with raised eyebrows and pouty lips, “Wanna come over tonight? My dad’s at a conference thing this weekend, so we’d have the place to ourselves?” Eddie grinned like it was the best thing he’d ever heard and Richie felt literal butterflies roaming around in his stomach.

“Yeah, I’d love that, Rich.”

###

“You want some water? I’m gonna get some water.” Eddie said with a groan and a yawn, stretching out his muscles that were sore in all the right places. Richie mumbled nonsense, half asleep. Eddie slid out of the bed and Richie moaned at his absence, clutching the pillow Eddie had just been resting on for warmth. Eddie smiled and ran his fingers through his boyfriend’s hair before grabbing his shirt off the floor and throwing it on, loving the feeling of being surrounded by the smell of Richie.

Which meant Eddie must’ve been drunk off of the sex he just had because honestly, Richie didn’t smell that great all the time. But he had *missed him*. For some reason, for the past few weeks even though they had been together, Eddie felt like there had been a distance. Mostly on Richie’s part.

Eddie knew his boyfriend had ADHD and tended to fall into chain-thoughts *a lot*, but lately he’d been zoning out a lot, more often than normal. And when he did, he had a habit of getting a far away and sad look in his eyes that made Eddie want to wrap him in a warm blanket and tell him he loved him over and over again. He just really wanted to *help* but Richie *wouldn’t talk to him*.

The two of them had always told each everything, but now... Eddie didn’t know what was wrong. BUT, that night had been *perfect*. Richie had been happy and flirty and affectionate and so Eddie was on cloud-fucking-nine as he grabbed a big cup off the top shelf.

And he plummeted down *real* quick when he felt a cold hand run over the revealed skin of his thigh. He fumbled for the cup, almost shattering it because *that wasn’t Richie, he knew Richie’s hands and warmth and that wasn’t Richie*. He turned around quickly and moved backwards as far as he could against the counter.

“What are you looking for, Eds?” a hoarse voice asked.

“Mr. Tozier?” Eddie squeaked out, heart in his throat. Eddie felt bad for judging anyone so harshly but he *hated* Went Tozier. Every time

he was around, Eddie's skin crawled and he *swore* the air got colder. Bill and Stan and him were the only ones who ever met Richie's dad and the three of them often wondered how such a fucking asshole had any hand at all in creating a guy as great as Richie.

"I was just.... um, grabbing some water." Eddie muttered. He tried to squeeze past the man, but he dropped his hand to the counter and fenced Eddie in. Eddie squeezed his eyes shut as he tried to figure out what the fuck was happening.

To sum up: it was dark and quiet and Eddie was only wearing a shirt and boxer briefs and Richie's father was cornering him in the kitchen and staring at him with dark, heavy-lidded eyes.

Eddie was probably going to throw up.

"Richie said you were away for the weekend? At a conference or something?" Eddie was staring at the ground like it held the fucking secrets of life, but that apparently wasn't what Went wanted because Eddie felt his fingers on his chin, pushing his head up so that he had to look in the man's eyes. Eddie had been trying to avoid doing that.

Mostly because Went was, unfortunately, biologically Richie's father and that meant they looked alike. He had the same dark hair and smattering of freckles and it made Eddie's stomach go cold to see Richie's normally playful smirk twisted and perverted on this man's face. He was like a fun-house version of the boy Eddie loved and it was awful.

Eddie felt himself start to shake, but it was like an out-of-body-experience. He knew it was happening to him, but he could *almost* convince himself it was happening to someone else because he had no control over the situation.

Maybe that's why he didn't think to fucking knee him in the balls and run away. Something made him freeze, the fear of authority sinking into his toes and weighing him down, making anvils of his feet.

"You boys were talking about me?" Mr. Tozier croaked, eyes dark. Eddie opened his mouth to respond but felt his throat close up and ended up feeling kind of like a fish on a hook, "Richie told you I'd be

out of town... so he invited you over so the two of you could *fuck*.” The finger that had been on his chin moved up to tug on Eddie’s bottom lip and it was finally enough to spur Eddie in to motion. He pushed the man away from him with an amount of strength he honestly didn’t know he had. It gave him the space he needed to get away from the counter and away from Went.

“You’re making me uncomfortable, Mr. Tozier. I’m just gonna go back to Rich now.” Eddie stuttered before trying to turn around and run back to Richie’s room. Unfortunately, before he could get too far, he felt strong hands pull him backwards.

“But you didn’t get your water.” He whispered, his breath hot on Eddie’s neck. Eddie tried to pull away but the man was too strong and he just *laughed* and pulled Eddie harder against him. “And I know Richie, I *raised* the prick. You really think he can fuck you like I could?” the man spit out and Eddie gasped, feeling the stirrings of asthma he thought he’d kicked years ago sting in his chest.

He kept trying to struggle and then felt something hard push into the small of his back and he *panicked* and remembered what Beverly said when she was teaching him how to protect himself from Bowers’ gang.

“Yeah, we may be small, Eddie, but we’ve got sharp edges. Elbows, knees, use them.”

He brought his elbow back and smashed into Mr. Tozier’s gut and it loosened the man’s grip just enough so that Eddie could escape, thanking God he wasn’t wearing socks as he ran up the hardwood floor stairs. He finally got to Richie’s door and ran behind it quickly.

He didn’t know if the man was following him, but he locked the door behind him anyway, staggering backwards into the room and collapsing against the bed.

“Eddie? What’s going on?” Richie groaned, sitting up in bed and grabbing his glasses. His eyes widened when he took saw Eddie, heaving for breath and shaking on the edge of his bed. “Eds, baby, what’s wrong?” he asked, grabbing Eddie’s shaking hands and pulling him towards him.

“Did you see something? What’s wrong, talk to me?” Richie asked again. The worry was plaintive in his voice as Eddie practically climbed into his lap, wrapping his arms around Richie and tucking his face into his neck. He felt the adrenaline leaving him and the shock settling in because... he was just almost raped.

He sat there for a while, he couldn’t really tell how long, but it was long enough for his feet to go numb where they were tucked up underneath him.

“Your dad’s back.” Eddie choked out, not moving his head. He felt Richie’s once soft and gentle arms tense around him.

“Did he touch you?” Richie asked after a long moment of silence and Eddie couldn’t help it, a sob ripped out of his throat and he started shaking *more* and Richie practically growled as he shot up and out of the bed. Eddie reeled back, covering his face in his hands as Richie paced.

“I’m going to *fucking* kill him!” he yelled, tugging at his curls. He grabbed the baseball bat that was resting against the dresser and Eddie shot up out of bed after him.

“Richie! No!” Eddie grabbed the bat out of his hands and glared at him, “You’re not fucking leaving me, you can’t leave me right now, please don’t go, you can’t, you *can’t*.”

“Aw, *fuck*, Eds, I’m so sorry.” Richie said, bending down slightly so he could wrap himself around Eddie, who had started crying *again*. Richie pulled Eddie to him tightly and Eddie tried to calm his breathing, tried to match it to Richie’s like he usually did when he had a panic attack. “I’m so fucking sorry, baby, I won’t leave, of course I won’t. I just wanted to keep you safe and I couldn’t and I am so sorry. Do you wanna leave? We can go to Bill’s or Mike’s or anywhere, just tell me what you need, what do you need?”

Richie was rambling. He rambled when he was upset and it shouldn’t have, but it calmed Eddie down. Usually Richie running his fucking mouth riled Eddie up but now it had the opposite effect, reminding him that no matter what, Richie was Richie and he loved him and he was safe with him.

“Can we just... sleep? I just want you to hold me.” Eddie whispered, finally pulling back from Richie’s neck so he could kiss him softly on the lips. “I just want to be with you.”

###

Richie’s morning should’ve been perfect. This whole *weekend* was supposed to be perfect. He had Eddie and weed and the whole house to himself and *Eddie*. Honestly, throw in the losers and it would’ve been a PERFECT WEEKEND.

But no. Richie did not live in a world where good things happened to him, because his father was a piece of shit.

“I can hear you thinking and I’m not awake enough to try and control that runaway train.” Eddie said, still not opening his eyes. Richie laughed and groaned simultaneously.

“How are you feeling?” Eddie asked, finally looking up at him with those stupid beautiful brown eyes.

“How am *I* feeling? *ME*? How are *you*, Eds?”

“Okay enough to know you got away with calling me Eds enough last night, so cut it the fuck out.”

“Baby, I’m serious-”

“I know, I know. And I’m okay. I’m still kind of in shock? But... I got away so, it’s okay. I’m okay.” Eddie explained and it should’ve made Richie feel better and it did.... Partly. Because Eddie was okay and that made Richie happy but also *he got away*? Richie’s stomach turned to fucking lead when thought about what would’ve happened if Eddie hadn’t got away.

“I wanna kill him, I really do.” Richie whispered and Eddie looked pained, like he wanted to say something, but Richie stopped him before he could. “I know that isn’t what you want to hear, but I just hate him so much, Eddie. And it was something I could handle when it was just *me* he was fucking with, but now he tried to hurt you? And there’s no one more important to me than you and I just I *hate him* so much-”

“Rich, Rich, please, stop. You need to calm down, you’re going to give yourself a panic attack.” Eddie said calmly, holding Richie’s face in his hands and resting their foreheads together, “You’re not going to kill him. But I also think you should stay with Bill, for a while. If not forever... I’d offer my house, you know, but my mom-”

“I know, Eddie. Your mom was so broken-hearted when I broke up with her for you, it pains her to see me, I know-”

“Beep, beep, Rich.” Eddie said fondly, “You’re welcome to sneak into my room anytime, though. *Anytime*.” Richie laughed and nodded.

“Thanks, babe. I will definitely take you up on that.”

Eddie helped Richie pack up the stuff he would take with him: clothes, books, laptop, the small amount of things that actually had sentimental value to him. There wasn’t much he wanted to bring with him, but he didn’t want to risk leaving anything behind. He didn’t want to have to come back here for any reason.

“You okay going down the stairs? If not, we can climb out the window and I can just buy a new charger, I don’t even ca-”

“I’ll be *fine*, Rich. I promise. You’ll be with me. Let’s just get out of here, yeah?” Eddie assured him, tugging towards the door before fitting himself into Richie’s side.

“Yeah fuck this place.” Richie muttered. Eddie gripped his hand a little tighter as they walked down the stairs and Richie hoped to *God* that this would be easy and they could just walk out of here...

But of course not. Sitting there at the kitchen counter was: the bane of Richie’s existence, everyone’s least favorite person in the world, probably the worst thing to ever walk the streets of Derry-

“You guys are up late.” WENTWORTH “WENT” TOZIER!!

He was just sitting there, empty plate in front of him and a half empty bottle of beer resting in his hand. He nodded at Eddie with a small smile and Richie felt his blood boil.

“Don’t you even *fucking* look at him.” Richie snapped, moving

forward a little more so that he was between the two of them. Went just rolled his eyes and took a long sip of his beer. His eyes slowly raked Eddie up and down before moving to Richie with disdain.

“Nothing happened, son. I made a move, he said no. We all moved on. His loss.”

“*Nothing happened?*” Richie scoffed, seeing red, “You sexually harassed a minor.”

“Hey! Kid’s not a minor, you’re both 19-”

“You’re so *fucking* stupid, you don’t pay any attention! Remember when I was held back in 2nd grade? Or how Eddie’s birthday is in November so he’s always been the youngest of my friends?” Went’s face went white and he looked over at Eddie with wide eyes.

“I didn’t... I didn’t know.” He spluttered and Richie was *this close to wringing his fucking neck*.

“Yeah, well I always knew you were a piece of shit, so if you think we’re not going to the police, you are so fucking wrong. Peace the fuck out, pedophile.” Richie said, flipping the man off before making his way to the door, gripping Eddie’s hand in his own.

They were halfway gone when Richie felt his father pull his shoulder back and Richie was around suddenly. The fist hitting his eye didn’t hurt *that bad*, mostly because of the adrenaline already pumping through him. So, Richie got ready to turn around and *finally* fight, but before he knew it, his father was screaming out in pain. He looked over and saw Eddie holding a can of pepper spray that he had pulled from his fanny pack, hand over his mouth in shock at his own actions.

His eyes met Richie’s incredulous ones for a short moment before Eddie looked back at Went in horror.

“Run!” Eddie yelled, pulling Richie through the door himself now. They heard Went screaming behind them, but Richie didn’t even care. He felt laughter bubble in his throat because not only was he *free* but his boyfriend was *so goddamn perfect*.

“I can’t ... believe... you pepper-sprayed him!” Richie managed through heaving breaths once they were a few blocks away, almost to Bill’s house. Eddie laughed too, smiling wide.

“It felt really good.” He breathed and Richie pulled him close, resting their foreheads together for a moment as they caught their breath. Eddie gently ran the tips of his fingers over the bruise forming on Richie’s face before leaning in and kissing the swollen skin gently.

“Thank you.” Richie sighed, “I have no idea what I’d be without you. I’m always so afraid that I’m going to turn out like him or my mother but... when I’m with you, I know that’ll never happen. I love you so much, Eddie Spaghetti.” Richie admitted and Eddie smiled wide but still shook his head at him fondly.

“You HAD to ruin that with a fucking nickname, didn’t you?!” Eddie exclaimed, trying to pull away, but he was laughing and smiling and so Richie kept his arms around him and laughed as well, “I love you too, Richie Lychee.”

“Oh *wow*, Eds, that is so bad.”

“It’s the only food that rhymes with your name! I have thought about this! It’s too hard.”

“You *thought* about it? Ugh, you’re so obsessed with me, I love you so much.”

“I am going to fight you.”

“Uh-oh, don’t pepper spray me, please!”

“Richie don’t run away! Just accept this!”

“Put the pepper spray *down*!”

“Richieeeeeee!”

Author’s Note:

:D

thanks for reading!!!